

JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "King Solomon's Mines" and "The Sheik."

"This is all your fault, you drunken little blackguard!" he said, turning savagely on the bottle, who, now that his excitement had left him, was sniveling and driving in an intoxicated fashion, and calling him his preserver and his bas in maudlin accents.

"He hit me, bas; he hit me, and I did not take the forage. He is a bad man, Bas Muller."

"Be off with you and get the horses in harness; you are half drunk," he growled, and, having seen the operation advancing to a conclusion, he went to the sitting room of the hotel, where Basie was waiting in happy ignorance of the disturbance. It was not till they were well on their homeward way that he told her what had passed, whereat, remembering the scene she had herself gone through with Frank Muller, and the threats that he had then made to her, she looked over her shoulder. Her old uncle, too, was much put out when he heard the story on their arrival home that evening.

"You have made an enemy, Capt. Niel," he said, "and a bad one. Not but what you were right to stand up for the Hottentot. I would have done as much myself had I been there and ten years younger, but Frank Muller is not the man to forget being put upon his back before a lot of Kaffirs and white folk too. Perhaps that Jantje is sober by now. This conversation took place upon the following morning, as they sat upon the veranda after breakfast. "I will go and call him, and we will hear what this story is about his father and his mother."

Presently he returned, followed by the ragged, dirty looking little Hottentot, who took off his hat and squatted down on the drive, looking very miserable and ashamed of himself, in the full glare of the African sun, to the effects of which he appeared to be totally impervious.

"Now, Jantje, listen to me," said the old man. "Yesterday you got drunk again. Was I not going to tell about that now, except to say that if I find or hear of your being drunk once more—you leave this place."

"Yes, bas," said the Hottentot meekly. "I was drunk, though not very; I only had a bottle of Cape Smoke."

"By getting drunk you made a quarrel with Bas Muller, so that blows passed between Bas Muller and the bas here on your account, which was more than you are worth. Now when Bas Muller had struck you, you said that he had shot your father and your mother. Was that a lie, or what did you mean by saying it?"

"It was no lie, bas," said the Hottentot, excitedly. "I have said it once, and I will say it again. Listen, bas, and I will tell you the story. When I was young, my father and he held his hand high enough to indicate a total of about 14 years of age—we, that is, my father, my mother, my uncle, a very old man, older than the bas" (pointing to Silas Croft), "were bisonners (authorized squatters) on a place belonging to old Jacob Muller, Bas Frank's father, down in Lydenburg yonder. It was a bush veldt, and old Jacob used to come down there with his cattle from the High veldt in the winter when there was no grass in the High veldt, and with him came the Englishwoman, his wife, and the young Bas Frank—the bas we saw yesterday."

"How long ago was all this?" asked Mr. Croft.

"Jantje counted on his fingers for some seconds, and then held up his hand and opened it four times in succession. "So," he said, "twenty years last winter. Bas Frank was young then; he had only a little down upon his chin. One year, when Om Jacob went away, after the first rains, he left six oxen that were too poor (thin) to go with my father, and told him to look after them as though they were his children. But the oxen were bewitched. Three of them took the lungueck and died, a lion got one, a snake killed one, and one ate tulip and died too. So when Om Jacob came back the next year all the oxen were gone. He was very angry with my father, and he beat him with a yoke strap till he was all blood, and, though we showed him the bones of the oxen, he said that we had stolen them and sold them."

"Now, Om Jacob had a beautiful span of black oxen that he loved like children. Sixteen of them were there, and they would come up to the yoke when he called them and put down their heads of themselves. They were tame as dogs. These oxen were thin when they came down, but in two months they got fat and began to want to trek about as oxen do. At this time there was Basie, one of the English people, residing in our bur for he had hurt his foot with a thorn. When Om Jacob found that the Basie was there he was very angry, for he said that all Basie was thieves. So my father told the Basie that the bas said that he must go away, and he went that night. Next morning the span of black oxen were gone too. The kraal gate was down and they had gone. We hunted all day, but we could not find them. Then Om Jacob got mad with rage, and the young Bas Frank told him that one of the Kaffir boys had said to him, Basie, he had heard my father say to the Basie, for sleep which he was to pay to us in the summer. It was a lie, but Bas Frank hated my father because of something about a woman—a Zulu girl. Next morning, when we were asleep, just at daybreak, Om Jacob Muller and Bas Frank and two Kaffirs came into the hut and pulled us out, the old man, my father, my mother and myself, and tied us up to four mimosa trees, with buffalo reins. Then the Kaffirs went away, and Om Jacob asked my father where the cattle were. My father told him that he did not know. Then he looked over his head and said a prayer to the Big Man in the sky, and when he had done Bas Frank came up with a gun, and stood quite close and shot my father dead, and he fell forward and hung quite over the rein, his head touching his feet. Then he loaded the gun again and shot the old man, my uncle, and he slipped down dead, and his hands stuck up in the air against the rein. Next he shot my mother, but the bullet did not kill her, and cut the rein, and she ran away, and he ran after her and killed her. When that was done he came back to shoot me; but I was young then and did not know that it is better to be dead than to live like a dog, and I begged and prayed for mercy while he was loading the gun."

"But the bas only laughed, and said he would teach Hottentots how to steal cattle, and old Om Jacob prayed out loud to the Big Man and said he was very sorry for me, but it was the dear Lord's will, and then, just as Bas Frank lifted the gun he dropped it again, for then, coming softly, softly over the brow of the hill, in and out between the bushes, were all the sixteen oxen. They had got out in the night and strayed away into some kloof for a change of pasture, and come back when they were full and tired of being alone. Om Jacob turned quite white and scratched his head, and then fell on his knees and thanked the dear Lord for saving my life; and just then the English woman, Bas Frank's mother, came down from the wagon to see what the firing was at, and when she saw all the people dead and

me weeping, tied to the tree, and learned what it was about, she went quite mad, for sometimes she had a kind heart when she was not drunk, and said that a curse would fall on them, and that they would all die in blood. And she took a knife and cut me loose, though Bas Frank wanted to kill me, so that I might tell no tales; and I ran away, traveling by night and hiding by day, for I was very much frightened, till I got to Natal, and there I stopped, working in Natal till the land became English, when Bas Croft hired me to drive his cart up from Maritzburg; and living by here I found Bas Frank, looking bigger but just the same except for his beard."

"There, bas, that is the truth, and all the truth, and that is why I hate Bas Frank, because he shot my father and mother, and why Bas Frank hates me, because he cannot forget that he did it and I saw him do it, for, as our people say, 'one always hates a man one has wounded with a spear'; and having finished his narrative, the miserable looking little man picked up his greasy old felt hat, that had a leather strap stuck round the crown, in which were stuck a couple of frayed ostrich feathers, and jammed it down over his ears, and then fell to drawing circles on the ground with his long toes. His auditors all looked at one another. Such a ghastly tale seemed to be beyond comment. They never doubted its truth; the man's way of telling it carried conviction with it. And, indeed, two of them at any rate, had heard such stories before. Most people have who live in the wilder parts of South Africa, though they are not all to be taken for gospel."

"You say," remarked old Silas, at last, "that the woman said that a curse would fall on them and that they would die in blood? She was right. Twelve years ago Om Jacob and his wife were murdered by a party of Mapoch's Kaffirs, down on the edge of that very Lydenburg veldt. There was a great noise about it at the time, I remember, but nothing came of it. Bas Frank was not there. He was away shooting buck; so he escaped and inherited all his father's farms and cattle and came to live here."

"So," said the Hottentot, without showing the slightest interest or surprise. "I knew it would be so, but I wish I had been there to see it. I saw that there was a devil in the woman, and that they would die as she said. When there is a devil in people they always speak the truth, because they can't help it. Look, bas, I draw a circle in the sand with my foot, and I say some words, and at last the ends touch. There, that is the circle of Om Jacob and his wife the Englishwoman. An old witch doctor taught me to draw the circle of a man's life and what words to say. And now I draw another of Bas Frank. Ah! there is a stone sticking up in the way. The ends will not touch. But now I work and work with my foot, and say the words and say the words, and so—the stone comes up and the ends touch now. So it is with Bas Frank. One day the stone will come up, and the ends will touch, and he, too, will die in blood. The devil in the English woman said so, and devils cannot lie or speak half the truth only. And now, look, I rub my foot over the circles and they are gone, and there is only the path again. That means that when they have died in blood they will be quite forgotten and stamped out. Even their graves will be flat, and he wrinkled up his yellow face into a smile, or rather a grin, and then added in a matter of fact way: "Does the bas wish the grey mare to have one bundle of green forage or two?"

CHAPTER X.

JOHN HAS AN ESCAPE.

On the following Monday John, taking Jantje to drive him, departed in a rough Scotch cart, to which were harnessed two of the best horses at Moorfontein, to shoot buck at Haus Coetzee's.

He reached the place at about 8:30 o'clock, and concluded, from the fact of the presence of several carts and horses, that he was not the only guest. Indeed, the first person that he saw as the cart pulled up was his late enemy, Frank Muller.

"Kool, kool, bas," said Jantje, "there is Bas Frank talking to a Basutu!" John was, as may be imagined, not best pleased at this meeting. He had always disliked the man, and since Muller's conduct on the previous Friday, and Jantje's story of the dark deed of blood in which he had been the principal actor, he positively loathed the sight of him. He got out of the cart, and was going to walk round to the back of the house in order to avoid him, when Muller, to all appearance, suddenly became aware of his presence, and advanced to meet him with the utmost cordiality.

"How do you do, captain?" he said, holding out his hand, which John just touched. "So you have come to shoot buck with Om Coetzee; going to show us Transvaalers how to do it, eh? There, captain, don't look as stiff as a rifle barrel. I know what you are thinking of; that little business at Walkerstrom on Friday, is it not? Well, now, I tell you what it is, I was in the wrong, and I ain't afraid to say so as between man and man. I had had a glass, that was the fact, and did not quite know what I was about. We had got to live as neighbors here, so let us forget all about it and be brothers again. I never bear malice, nor I. It is not the Lord's will that we should bear malice. Hit out from the shoulder, I say, and then forget all about it. If it hadn't been for that little monkey," he added, jerking his thumb in the direction of Jantje, who was holding the horses' heads, "it would never have happened, and it is not nice that two Christians should quarrel about such as he."

Muller jerked out his long speech in a succession of sentences, something as a school boy repeats a hard-learned lesson, fidgeting his feet and letting his eyes travel about the ground as he did so; and it was evident to John, who stood quite still and listened to it in icy silence, that it was by no means an extemporaneous one. It had too clearly been composed for the occasion.

"I do not wish to quarrel with anybody," Meinheer Muller, he answered at length. "I never do quarrel unless it is forced on me, and then," he added, grimly, "I do my best to make it unpleasant for my enemy. The other day you attacked my servant and then myself. I am glad that you now see that this was an improper thing to do, and, so far as I am concerned, there is an end of the matter," and he turned to enter the house.

Muller accompanied him as far as where Jantje was standing at the horses' heads. Here he stopped, and, putting his hand in his pocket, took out a two-shilling piece and threw it to the Hottentot, calling to him to catch it. Jantje was holding the horses with one hand. In the other he held his stick—a long walking kerrie that he always carried, the same on which he had shown Basie the notches. In order to catch the piece of money he dropped the stick, and Muller's quick eye catching sight of the notches beneath the knob, he stooped down, picked it up, and examined it.

"What do these mean, boy?" he asked, pointing to the line of big and little notches, some of which had evidently been cut years ago.

Jantje touched his hat, spat upon the "Scotchman," as the natives of that part of Africa call a two-shilling piece, and pocketed it before he answered. The fact that the giver had murdered all his near relations did not make the gift less desirable in his eyes. Hottentot moral sense is not very elevated.

"No, bas," he said, with a curious grin, "that is how I reckon. If anybody beats Jantje, Jantje cuts a notch upon the stick, and every night before he goes to sleep he looks at it, and says: 'One day you will strike that man twice who struck you once, and so on, bas. Look what a line of them there are, bas. One day I will pay them all back again, Bas Frank.'"

In another minute old Haus Coetzee came, and announced that it was time to be moving. Accordingly the whole party got into their carts or on to their shooting horses, as the case might be, and started. Frank Muller was, John noticed, mounted as usual on his fine black horse. After driving for more than half an hour along an indefinite kind of wagon track, the leading cart, in which was old Haus Coetzee himself, a Malay driver and a colored Cape boy, turned to the left across the open veldt, and the others followed in turn. This went on for some time, till at last they reached the crest of a rise that commanded a large sweep of open country, and here Haus halted and held up his hand, whereon the others halted too. On looking over the vast plain before him, John discovered the reason. About half a mile beneath them, and then fell to drawing circles on the ground with his long toes. His auditors all looked at one another. Such a ghastly tale seemed to be beyond comment. They never doubted its truth; the man's way of telling it carried conviction with it. And, indeed, two of them at any rate, had heard such stories before. Most people have who live in the wilder parts of South Africa, though they are not all to be taken for gospel."

Then a council of war was held, which resulted in the men on horseback—among whom was Frank Muller—being dispatched to circumvent the herds and drive them toward the carts, that took up their stations at various points toward which the buck were likely to make.

Then came a pause of a quarter of an hour or so, till, suddenly, from the far ridge of the opposite slope, John saw a couple of puff of white smoke float up into the air, and one of the veldtbeests below roared over his back, kicking and plunging furiously. Thereon the whole herd of buck turned and came thundering toward them, stretched in a long line across the wide veldt; the springbuck first, then the bluebuck, looking, owing to their peculiar way of holding their long heads down as they galloped, for all the world like a herd of great bearded goats. Behind and mixed up with them were the veldtbeests, all death came down like the veldt fire and burns them up. But there are men who ride chance as one rides a young colt—say, who turn its headlong rushing and rearing to their own ends—who let it fly hither and thither till it is weary, and then canter it along the road that leads to triumph. I, Frank Muller, am one of those men. I never fail in the end. I will kill that Englishman. Perhaps I will kill old Silas Croft and the Hottentot, too. Bah! they do not know what is coming. I know; I have helped to lay the mine; and unless they bend to my will I shall be the one to kill them. I will kill them all and I will take Moorfontein, and then I will marry Basie. She will fight against it, but that will make it all the sweeter. She loves that rooibosk! I know it, and I will kiss her over his dead body. Ah! there are the carts. I don't see the captain. Driven home, I suppose, on account of the shock to his nerves. Well, I must talk to these fools. Lord, what fools they are with their talk about the 'land' and 'the sea' and 'the government'! I will marry Basie, and I don't know what is good for them. Silly sheep, with Frank Muller for a shepherd! Ay, and they shall have Frank Muller for a president one day, and I will rule them, too. Bah! I hate the English; but I am glad that I am half English for all that, for that is where I get the brains! But these people—fools, fools. Well, I shall pipe and they shall dance!"

"Bas," said Jantje to John, as they were driving homeward, "Bas Frank shot at you." "How do you know that?" asked John. "I saw him. He was stalking the wounded bull, and not looking for a calf at all. There was no calf. He was just going to fire at the wounded bull when he turned and saw you, and he knelt down and covered you, and before I could do anything he fired, and then when he saw that he had missed you he fired again, and I don't know how it was he didn't kill you, for he is a wonderful shot with a rifle—he never misses."

"I will have the man tried for attempted murder," said John, bringing the butt end of his rifle down with a bang on to the bottom of the cart. "A villain like that shall not go scot free."

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"To be Continued."

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Here and There.

A new tomato, introduced under the name of "Italian Wonder," is a distinct variety. It is pea shaped; the flesh is thick and nearly watery in seeds. It is dwarf in growth and quite prolific of large, fine colored fruit.

Cows that have no bedding are often injured in the knees by getting up or down, especially if the floor be wet or slippery.

The onion crop must have nitrogen.

It is estimated that in Chicago alone there is made and sold more adulterated maple sugar every year than the entire product of the pure article in Vermont.

A wise farmer will protect the birds, the insect eaters, robins, cat birds, blue birds, woodpeckers, and the like. All the birds mentioned have a mission to perform in the economy of nature. The martins, destroy weevils, the quails chinch bugs, the woodpeckers dig worms from the trees, while others eat worms, caterpillars and bugs.

Peter Henderson mentions as the best dozen ever blooming roses, either for bedding or winter flowering, the following: Agrippina, Hermosa, The Bride, Mermet, Bennett, Sunset, Blush Malmalson, American Beauty, Bon Silence, La France, Pearl of the Gardens, Red Malmalson.

What a Change!

A few short weeks ago that young girl was the personification of health, vigor and beauty. The bluish upon her cheeks rivalled that of the rose; her step was light and buoyant, her every movement was a revelation of perfect physical health. Yet now she is pallid and haggard, and her superabundant vitality has given place to a strange dullness and lassitude of which has caused this change? Functional irregularities which can be cured by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a remedy to which thousands of women to-day owe their lives. All druggists.

SOMEbody WAS FIRING AT HIM.

so, jumping up from his crouching position, he tossed his arms into the air and sprang and shouted in a way that left no mistake as to his whereabouts. In another minute he

saw a man on horseback, cantering easily toward him, in whom he had little doubt as to recognizing as Frank Muller. He went and picked up his hat; there was a bullet-hole right through it. Then, full of wrath, he advanced to meet Frank Muller.

"What the—did you mean by firing at me?" he asked.

"Alleluia, Carle!" (Almighty, my dear fellow) was the cool answer. "I thought that you were a veldtbeest calf. I galloped the cow and killed her, and she had a calf with her, and when I got the cartridges out of my rifle—for one stuck and took me some time—and the new ones in, I looked up, and there, as I thought, was the calf. So I got my rifle on and led drive, first with one barrel and then with the other, and when I saw you jump up like that and shout, and that I had been firing at a man, I nearly fainted. Thank the Almighty I did not hit you."

John listened coldly. "I suppose that I am bound to believe you, Meinheer Muller," he said. "But I have been told that you have the most wonderful sight of any man in these parts, which makes it odd that at 300 yards you could mistake a man for his hands and knees for a veldtbeest calf."

"Does the captain think, then, that I wished to murder him; especially," he added, "after I took his hand this morning?"

"I don't know what I think," answered John, looking straight into Muller's eyes, which fell before his own. "All I know is that your curious mistake very nearly cost me my life. Look here," and he took a lock of his brown hair out of the crown of his perforated hat and showed it to the other.

"A, it was very close. Let us thank God that you escaped."

"It could not well have been closer, meinheer. I hope that, both for your own sake and for the sake of the people who go out shooting with you, you will not make such a mistake again. Good morning."

The handsome Boer, or Anglo-Boer, sat on his horse stroking his beautiful beard and gazing curiously after John Niel's sturdy English looking figure as he marched toward the cart (for, of course, the wounded veldtbeest had long ago vanished).

"I wonder," he said to himself aloud, as he turned his horse's head and rode leisurely away, "if the old veldt be right after all, and if there is a God." (Frank Muller was sufficiently impregnated with modern ideas to be a free thinker.) "It almost seems like it," he went on, "else how did it come that the one bullet passed under his belly and the other just touched his head without harming him? I aimed carefully enough, too, and I could make the shot nineteen times out of twenty and not miss. Bah, a God! I snap my fingers at him. Chance is the only god. Chance blows me about like the dead grass, till death comes down like the veldt fire and burns them up. But there are men who ride chance as one rides a young colt—say, who turn its headlong rushing and rearing to their own ends—who let it fly hither and thither till it is weary, and then canter it along the road that leads to triumph. I, Frank Muller, am one of those men. I never fail in the end. I will kill that Englishman. Perhaps I will kill old Silas Croft and the Hottentot, too. Bah! they do not know what is coming. I know; I have helped to lay the mine; and unless they bend to my will I shall be the one to kill them. I will kill them all and I will take Moorfontein, and then I will marry Basie. She will fight against it, but that will make it all the sweeter. She loves that rooibosk! I know it, and I will kiss her over his dead body. Ah! there are the carts. I don't see the captain. Driven home, I suppose, on account of the shock to his nerves. Well, I must talk to these fools. Lord, what fools they are with their talk about the 'land' and 'the sea' and 'the government'! I will marry Basie, and I don't know what is good for them. Silly sheep, with Frank Muller for a shepherd! Ay, and they shall have Frank Muller for a president one day, and I will rule them, too. Bah! I hate the English; but I am glad that I am half English for all that, for that is where I get the brains! But these people—fools, fools. Well, I shall pipe and they shall dance!"

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How G. W. Cable Commenced.

"What kind of work did I do on The Pican-ny? That's a question, and there is where the trouble came in. There was no such thing as a division of labor in those days, and each man had to do anything and everything that might turn up. I had stipulated at first not to do certain kind of reporting, and this didn't please the old man very well. It was one of his rules that each man should do whatever was required of him, and I became rather in the way. Then I wanted to be always writing, and they wanted me to be always reporting. This didn't work well, and so when the summer came on, and they began to reduce expenses, it was intimated that my resignation would be accepted. I vowed that I would never have anything to do with a newspaper again, and I went back to book-keeping. I was in a large cotton house, and I kept their accounts for a while, until I finally offered to take entire charge of the counting room at so much salary per year, and hire what assistance I wanted. This suited the firm as well as it did me, and I began to do more and more literary work. Finally I employed a cashier, and all the while I wrote at my desk, only being consulted by him on important matters. I was making a beginning then. I first carried on a weekly column in The Pican-ny, but it wasn't very pleasant to work for a paper managed by a board of directors, and at last I quit it. This writing of trifles after a while grew wearisome, and I resolved to put it into stories. But it was not until six years ago that I abandoned mercantile pursuits entirely for a purely literary life. I drifted into it in the most natural way in the world, and I wouldn't abandon it now for all the fortune that could be made elsewhere."—G. W. Cable in New Orleans Picayune.

Rheumatism as an Inheritance.

This seems to be a rheumatic year. The interesting but not welcome disease has included in its fraternal grip men and women without distinction as to ages or social conditions. Stalwart President Cleveland has not been exempted from the list of sufferers. It is a mysterious malady, and though there are thousands of remedies, there appears to be no cure for the plaguey complaint. An old lady who assumes to know all about its origin introduced the tattered writer of this paragraph, who has been a two months' sufferer somewhat after this style: "Rheumatism is an inherited disease; you got this from your father or mother, didn't you?" Ans: "Not that I know of." "Then you had it from your grandfather?" Ans: "I think not." "Then you certainly got it from your great-grandfather." Ans: "No, there was no rheumatism known in my family history. Perhaps some of my ancestors may have been exposed to the heavy wet during the deluge." "Look here, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, "I didn't come here to be made fun of," and out she bounced.—Boston Budget.

Experimenting With Hair Dye.

In a sketch of the early life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a writer in St. Nicholas says that when Thomas was quite young he saw advertised a preparation highly recommended for making hair grow on bald heads. He bought a bottle and applied it liberally to an old hair trunk, whose long residence in the attic had left it very little hair. The boy watched for results long and hopefully; but, it is added, they were not satisfactory.—New York Sun.

The Beggars of Rome.

It is estimated that the beggars of Rome receive \$3,000,000 a year in alms and that 500 of them live worth from \$10,000 to \$25,000 each. A Roman who can make money by begging is not going to work.

A Certain Sign of Death.

M. Lesseur claims that a certain sign of death is the permanent gaping of a wound made in the skin by puncturing it with a needle. If the person be living blood will usually follow the withdrawal of the needle; but, whether it does or not, the wound will close at once. The puncture made in the skin of a dead person will remain open, as if made in leather.

A Ventilating Window Pane.

A German engineer named Henkels has invented a ventilating window pane which admits fresh air while preventing a draught. Each square meter of glass contains 5,000 holes, which are of conical shape, widening toward the side. The new device has already been adopted by many of the German hospitals.

Why Railroad Rails Break.

According to a railroad engineer, low temperatures do not decrease the strength of rails, as is commonly supposed. But it is nevertheless true that accidents are more likely to occur from broken rails in cold weather than in the summer. The reason for this is that the rails, when cold, are more rigid, and lose ground, when frozen solid, as a safeguard in the elasticity that acts as a safeguard in the winter weather. When a train runs on such a road bed, something must yield, and as the rail is the weakest point, it gives way.

Beginning and Closing a Letter.

A social note to a mere acquaintance is prefaced by "Dear Mrs. Blank," or "Dear Mr. Blank," as the case may be. Where greater intimacy exists, "My Dear Mrs. Blank," etc., is by some considered less formal.

"Yours truly," "Yours respectfully," and the like close business letters and, generally, communications between strangers.

A LIFE SAVED FOR DOLLAR.

This is to certify that having been troubled for a number of years with a distressing cough and bleeding from the lungs, and receiving no benefit from medicinal aid, I was at last cured by the use of John's Anodyne Liniment. My legs swelled so that I was unable to stand or move, and at last time John's Anodyne Liniment was providentially recommended to me—and, by the use of three or four bottles, I was entirely cured and have since been able to work every day. I have had no return of the disease, and never found permanent relief until I took your Liniment, since which I have had no more of the complaint. I can truly say I think your Anodyne Liniment was the means of saving my life.

JOHN T. ATKINS.

The Doctor Said "Let Him Try It."

"Some time ago my son was taken sick with a serious lung difficulty, which threatened to end in quick consumption. We summoned our family physician who attended him faithfully for four weeks, during which time he gradually grew weaker. Becoming much alarmed about himself, and being satisfied that he was growing worse all the time, he finally refused to take any more medicine from the physician, and expressed a wish to try John's Anodyne Liniment. I immediately told the physician, expecting that he would object to his using it; but he did not. He said 'let him try it; it won't hurt him and may do him good.' He did try it and continued to use it some time, taking it inwardly and bathing the chest and lungs outwardly. Very soon he began to improve, gradually gaining strength, until at last we had the satisfaction of knowing that the foundation of his disease was broken up. My son is alive and to-day, possessing a strong and vigorous constitution, which we attribute under God to the use of John's Anodyne Liniment. I can further say I will never allow myself to get out of the article; and that in my judgment it is the best family medicine in the world." (See) JOHN HODGKINS.

A Strange Freak.

The wife of our esteemed citizen, Mr. John Rowell, while suffering under a severe attack of the blues, tried to commit the crime of infanticide, but was prevented by the opportune arrival of W. H. H. Her case has been considered by the best doctors incurable, but her husband was highly pleased, after using a case of Sulphur Bitters, to find she was entirely cured.—[Kingston Herald.]

LOST PUBLIC MEN.

What the Death of So Many Great Men Means—Are We a Nation in Danger?

"America is losing its prominent men very fast," was the remark of a well known Englishman who is now visiting this country, and he was right. Sumner, Wilson, Phillips, Washburn, Carpenter and a host of others have departed, and John A. Logan has just passed away. But has it never occurred to the reader that the cause of the deaths of these public men was in every case the same? And has it occurred to you that

Sumner, Phillips, Wilson, Carpenter and a host of others are trading the same sad road? The great American people are afflicted with it at this moment. It is a disease called "weakness." Little children whose kidneys have been injured by scarlet fever are suffering from it, usually unknown to their parents. Any one of these things indicate disordered kidneys, which are the first stage of Bright's disease. They must be checked.

Capt. Greenwood, of the steamer Kan

and, had these troubles in his system in form, he used Hunt's Remedy and is in perfect health to-day.

Rev. Charles Pike, of

Waterbury, Ct., was

greatly reduced in the